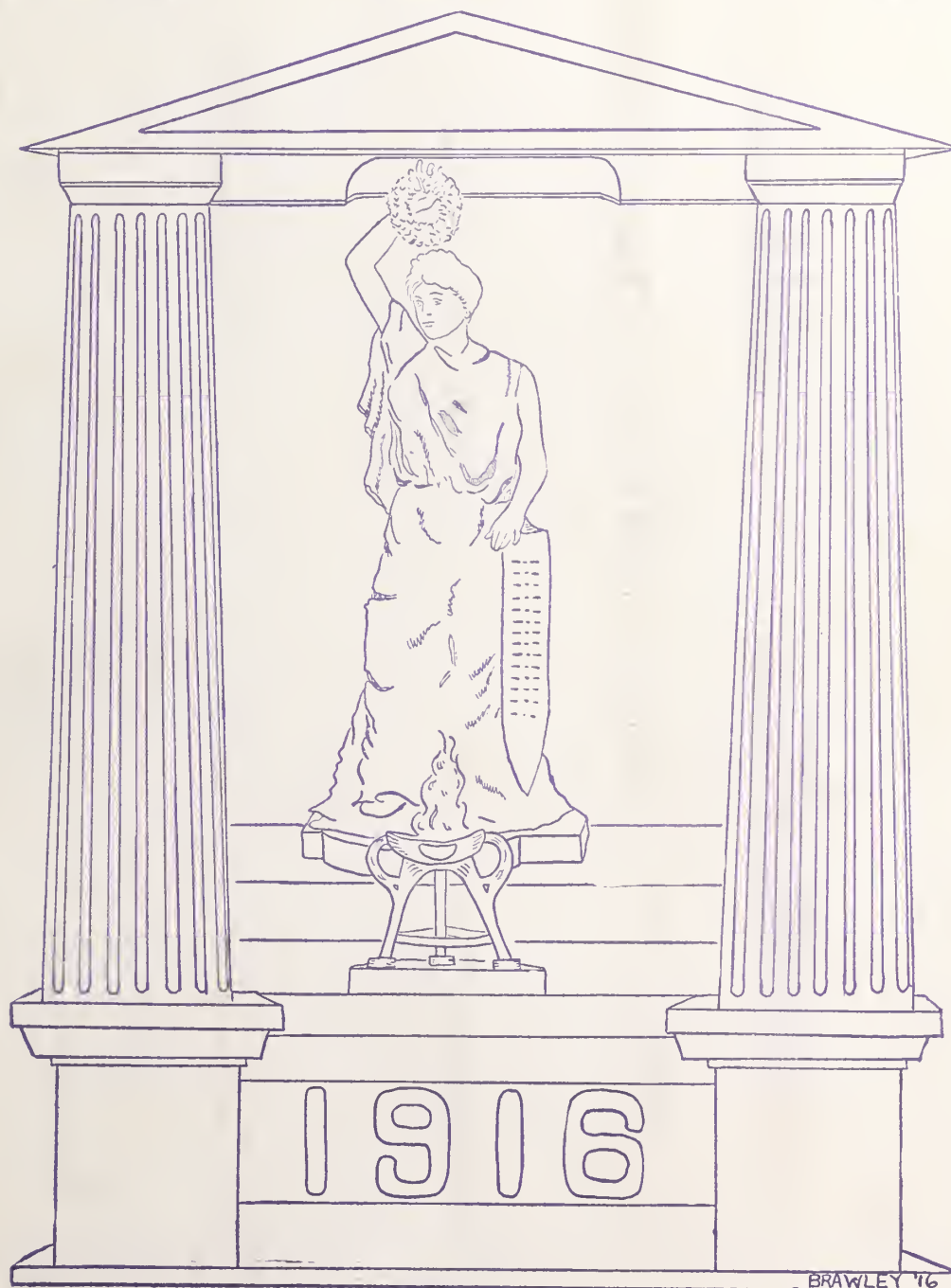


THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

VOLUME XXXV.

MAY, 1916.

NO. 8.



CLASS DAY NUMBER

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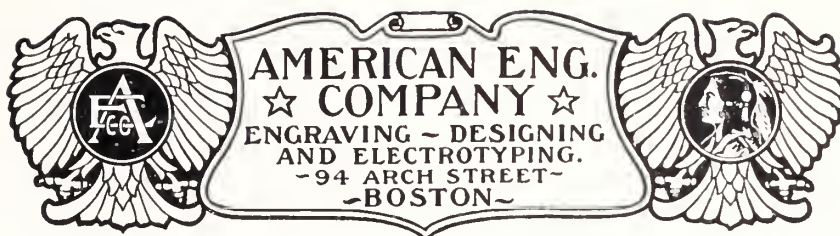
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The Latin School Register

CONTENTS FOR MAY

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| CLASS DAY..... | 3 |
| THE CLASS POEM..... | 5 |
| THE CLASS SONG..... | 8 |
| CLASS DAY—A CARTOON..... | 9 |
| THE CLASS ORATION..... | 10 |
| SCHOOL NOTES..... | 12 |
| WOODLAND TRAILS AND TRAILERS..... | 15 |
| RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR..... | 19 |
| BETWEEN THE BELLS..... | 23 |
| SPORTS..... | 25 |



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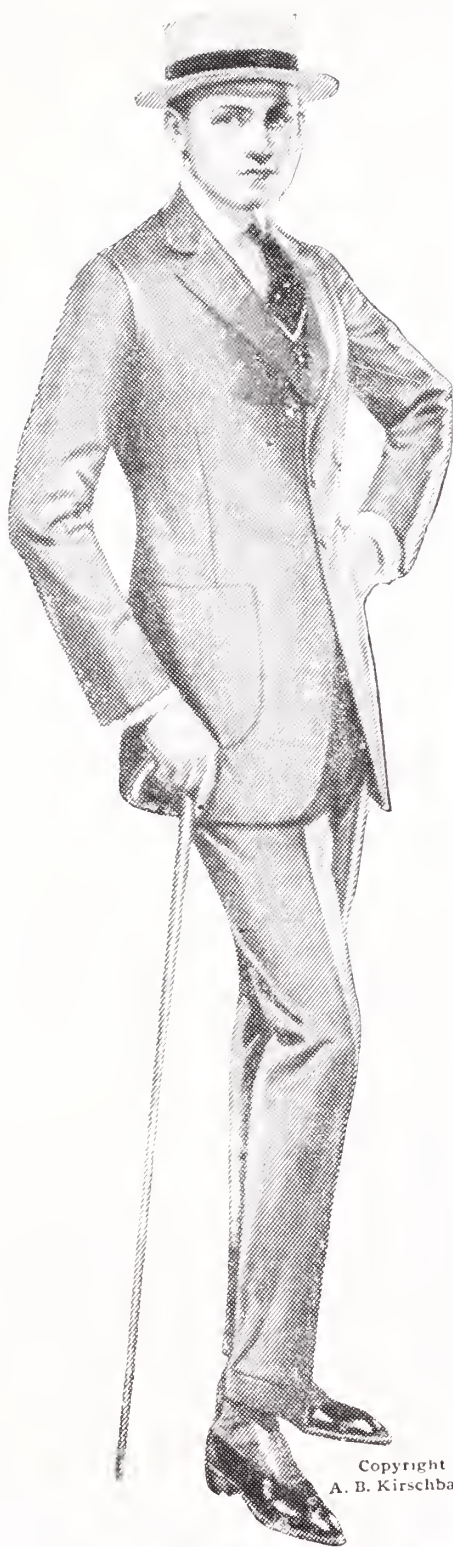
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXV. No. 8.

MAY, 1916.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, 107-111 Day St., Jamaica Plain.

CLASS DAY.

The Day of the Class of 1916 has passed into history. On April 24th last, the members of the graduating class held exercises in the Exhibition Hall to celebrate their "day," and the smoothness and despatch with which the events on the day's program were performed reflects much credit upon the Class Committee, who had charge of the program, and particularly upon Edward H. Gallup, Jr., the president of the class.

The program, which, in accordance with custom, was printed upon white paper in purple ink, had upon its cover an admirably drawn design by J. Robert Brawley, which is reproduced upon the cover of this issue. A feature of the program was the excellent music furnished by the school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. P. Henderson,

of the Faculty. Its clever imitation of a village band in the throes of producing some doubtful harmony was received with especial enthusiasm.

The two stanzas of the Class Song were sung as a solo by Edward H. Gallup, Jr., and the entire Graduating Class joined in the chorus, with Allen H. Gleason, composer of the music, at the piano.

At the conclusion of the song, the large audience had the pleasure of listening to the Class Poem, as read by Aaron S. Aronson. This poem, which is published elsewhere in this number, was of surpassing excellence, and received the enthusiastic demonstration of approval that was its due.

The Mandolin Club of the school made its first appearance of the year, and admirably rendered three selections,

4 *Latin School Register*

besides being compelled to offer several encores.

Arthur W. Marget delivered the Class Oration.

After an intermission of a few minutes, the orchestra offered its clever burlesque upon small musical organizations. It was compelled to offer additional selections, until the members of the audience were satisfied.

F. C. Packard and A. S. Aronson were delightful in a rendition of a dialogue adapted from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." Their work was set off to great advantage by some remarkable scenery that had been procured for this occasion.

Then some members of the French classes sang a short French song in a manner that showed how thoroughly they had been rehearsed by Mr. Henderson.

The most richly humorous recitation of the day was delivered by Charles J. Hamlin, whose Scotch accent was well-nigh perfect.

After the orchestra had rendered a medley of popular airs, the speaker of the day, Mr. John D. Williams, B. L. S. '99, was introduced. His talk was full of sound advice to the members of the graduating class and was enthusiastically applauded.

After lunch had been served in the lunch room, an excellent exhibition of military drill was given by the 2d Battalion in the Drill Hall. The program for this exhibition was as follows:

SALUTE TO THE COLORS:—Major Israel Swartz, *Commanding*.

COMPANY DRILL:—Company E, Capt. Hibbard J. Richter, Company F, Capt. Sydney Rabinovitz, Company N, Capt. Mortimer C. Bloom.

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS EXHIBITION:—Drum Major Frederick W. Hall.

COMPANY DRILL:—Company G, Capt. Gordon W. Daly, Company H, Capt. Warren E. Collins, Jr.

EVENING PARADE: — Major Israel Swartz, *Commanding*, Lieut. Adrian W. English, *Adjutant*.

The members of the Class Day Committee were the following:

Edward H. Gallup, Jr., *Chairman*, Charles J. Hamlin, Francis Keough, Russell M. Sanders, William A. Denker, J. Robert Brawley, Russell L. Potter.

The ushers were the following:

CHIEF USHER: — Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald H. Delue, Major William A. Denker, Major Israel Swartz, Major Charles H. Stevens, Jr., Captain Mortimer C. Bloom, Captain Warren E. Collins, Jr., Captain John A. Crawford, Captain Gordon W. Daly, Captain William N. Elton, Captain James E. Esterbrook, Captain Edward H. Gallup, Jr., Captain Emmanuel G. Nathan, Captain Frederick C. Packard, Captain Sydney Rabinovitz, Captain Russell M. Sanders, Captain Duane C. White, Captain Robert M. Dunning, Drum Major Frederick W. Hall.

AIDE:—Quarter-Master John J. Joyce.
A. W. M. '16.



OUR ALMA MATER.

THE CLASS POEM.

BY

AARON SOLOMON ARONSON, 1916.

Here summoned by traditions sweet
and grand,
Once more in pleasing conclave come,
we meet
To pay our fost'ring Mother homage
due.
With consecrated sword and shield,
with hearts
Uplifted, hopes on high, we've come to
list
To that inspirèd Muse, of mighty Jove
And Mem'ry sprung, Euterpe great; to
list
To heav'nly, Lydian strains that might
have made
That far-famed lyre of Orpheus great
draw iron tears
Down Pluto's tearless cheeks.

* * * *

This morn, to Nature's fost'ring bosom
called,
'Gainst mighty Phoebus' martial climb,
enthused
By clouds in golden tinctures clad, the
lark's
Sweet Siren song, I wound my way
beneath
O'er-arching elms, on hillocks green,
And by meand'ring brooks. With strag-
gling steps
And pond'ring head low-bent, o'er
grassy plain
With heav'nly dew bestrewn, I strolled
and mused,
Consid'ring pleasant years now past,
and all
Held treasured in them, and how fast
the gay

And joy-decked future fadeth in the
past.
And when, at length, the torrid sun
upon
Humanity did send his flaring beams,
And i' the heav'ns his golden chariot
stayed,
I sought me out a shady nook in some
Small thicket, by some brook, where
hidden from
Apollo's garish eye, I laid me down
To dream. By murm'ring waters, buzz-
ing bees,
Angelic strains, soon lulled asleep, before
Me came a vision great, in meaning deep,
In future store profound. There rose
before
Mine eyes a rock by glacial ages left,
And on't two hoary, aged men did sit.
The one a wrinklèd face and drooping
form
Possessed, but yet a heav'nly grace
shone round
His brow as though an altar burned
within
His heart and his high spirit yearned
among
Mankind to scatter gentleness; the one
Beside him seated, sooth to say, had at
The hands of time hard buffets borne,
and more
Was bent, as hoary as the rime that on
The grass when Dawn 'gins climb
collects. And like
Unto a patriarch, enraptured-like,
With wreathèd smile upon his saintly
lips,
Thus did the first old man bespeak his
mind.

6 *Latin School Register*

"Our Pilgrim fathers, bold and true,
 against
Divinely-sceptered kings their solemn
 voice
Did raise. Of the diviner right of man's
Inherent liberty possessed, these good
All-pious children of the Lord did sow
The seeds of culture and devotion great,
Of which yon youths the harvest stand,
 prepared
To heed their spirit and ideals, and
To tread upon their now well-beaten
 path
Of freedom, gained through toil severe
 and love
Of Him from whom alone man's free-
 dom may
Be had. For nigh unto three hundred
 years
The metal of this school the world hath
 proved
And found it pure and unalloyed. To
 each
And every walk of life, (so sayeth she
Of Jove and Mem'ry sprung), to every
 cause
Of liberty, she gives of her life-blood,
Devotedly, and willingly, as none
But loving, tender mothers give. Upon
This sin-worn mold and sphere such
 men hath our
Good Alma Mater set, such men, that for
Their having lived on't, have desirous
 been
That this dim spot might through
 Omnipotence
The better be. Those of her sons who did
Against the tyrant's sceptre stand, those
 who,
For Freedom's cause, did their illustrious
 lives
Lay down, and to this nation a new
 birth
Did give, and those who fought to
 drive from off

The face of th' earth base tyranny,
 were at
The kindly breast of Alma Mater
 nursed.
In sooth, (so speaks the Muse of His-
 tory),
That only truth must ult'mately
 prevail,
And substance o'er mere shadow doth
 in th' end
High triumph hold, is the great lesson
 of
This House of God that those, yon
 youths, have learned."
And then the other in reply with slow,
Sad words did mourn our plight.
 "Our past well true
And noble hast thou shown, O brother
 dear.
But see'st thou not the present and
 its woe?
Dost thou not see base Chaos and his
 dire
Confusion nigh? Behold'st thou not,
 e'en thou,
The gory hands of Mars all-guiltless
 babes
From sword-slain mothers tear?" He
 paused, and then
Went on. "And yet, methinks, I see
 in this
The judgment of the Lord and His,
 in sooth,
Most bount'ful will. I hope, and thou
 dost too,
This mighty scourge of war may quickly
 pass
Away. Methinks, anon I shall the seer
Isaiah great behold, and hear that
 swords
Shall into plough-shares turn, and spears
 of war
In peaceful pruning-hooks. I am all ear.
There shall be peace on earth, and to
 mankind

Latin School Register 7

Good-will." Again he paused, again
went on.

"But yet, it seemeth sure, before mine
eyes

Doth pass that fiendish, soulless monster,
Gold,

That hath, with flaming mouth, our
countrymen

In grasp. Methinks, anon I shall in our
Rose-clad horizon see that prophet's
words,

The '*mene, mene*' of impending fall
And ruin dire. I do behold, in that
Strange phantom drear, our country in
the grasp

Of that unholy idol, Gold, and our
Good countrymen already at the shrine
Of Money-Baal kneel." He ceased and
still

More wrinklèd seemed his face and
still more bent

His form. The other turned and did
at length

Reply. "Nay, nay! good brother, 't
was not aye

Like unto this. Think'st thou 't was
love of gold

That stirred our Pilgrim fathers to
shake off

The shackles of the tyrant base? Was't
wish

For ease that made our country rise
against

The curse of slavery, and to proclaim
All men, by heav'nly right, as free and to
Each other equal? Was it thoughts of
gold

That hath, and shall, emancipate our
great,

And glorious, good womanhood?" He
ceased.

And e'en as he did cease, I woke me up,
And 'stead two hoary, aged men, a
scene

Of splendor did mine eyes behold.

The round, red sun had o'er the purple
hills

Gone down, and all the sky and neigh-
b'ring town

In crimson splendor were bedecked.

At length I 'rose and wound my home-
ward way

Again about the building known so well,
And each dear spot had some still words
to speak

That told a tale as spoken words relate.
And many mem'ries wakened—as a bell
Oft brings to mind some distant country
place

Long left and long forgotten, every trace.

* * * *

O Classmates, bold and true, 't is yours
the task

To make the spirit that our fathers fired
Endure "When seas shall waste, and
skies to smoke

Decay; rocks fall to dust, and mountains
melt

Away!" Let's then, O Classmates,
youths of truth,

Hereby resolve to show the world that this
Our country, and that this our school,
possess

Yet still an inner spirit not of gold,
But of ideals, pure and lofty and
Divine, a love of truth far greater than
A love of gold. And thus resolved, we
shall

Go forth from Alma Mater's fost'ring
cloak,

Prepared to do our duty to our God,
Our country, and our school. And
when, far down

The vale of years, we turn once more
to gaze

Upon those dear associations of

The past and with fond mem'ries in
our hearts

Commune, let's hope we have so nobly
done

8 *Latin School Register*

Our task, that Alma Mater th'olive wreath
Of task performed upon our manly brows
Will set, and greet us with those words of pride:

"Well done, my son!" And thus, with sad farewell,
That blessing great of ancient rhyme let's speak:
God bless our Alma Mater and our Class!

THE CLASS SONG, 1916.

WORDS BY
ARTHUR W. MARGET, 1916.

MUSIC BY
ALLEN H. GLEASON, 1916.

FIRST VERSE.

In all our lives there comes a day
When we must leave our dearest friends:
We reach the turning point of years,
Where life's long pathway sharply bends.
We leave our friends, and chance may will
That we shall never see them more:
Yet true and steadfast will we be
Whate'er the future holds in store.

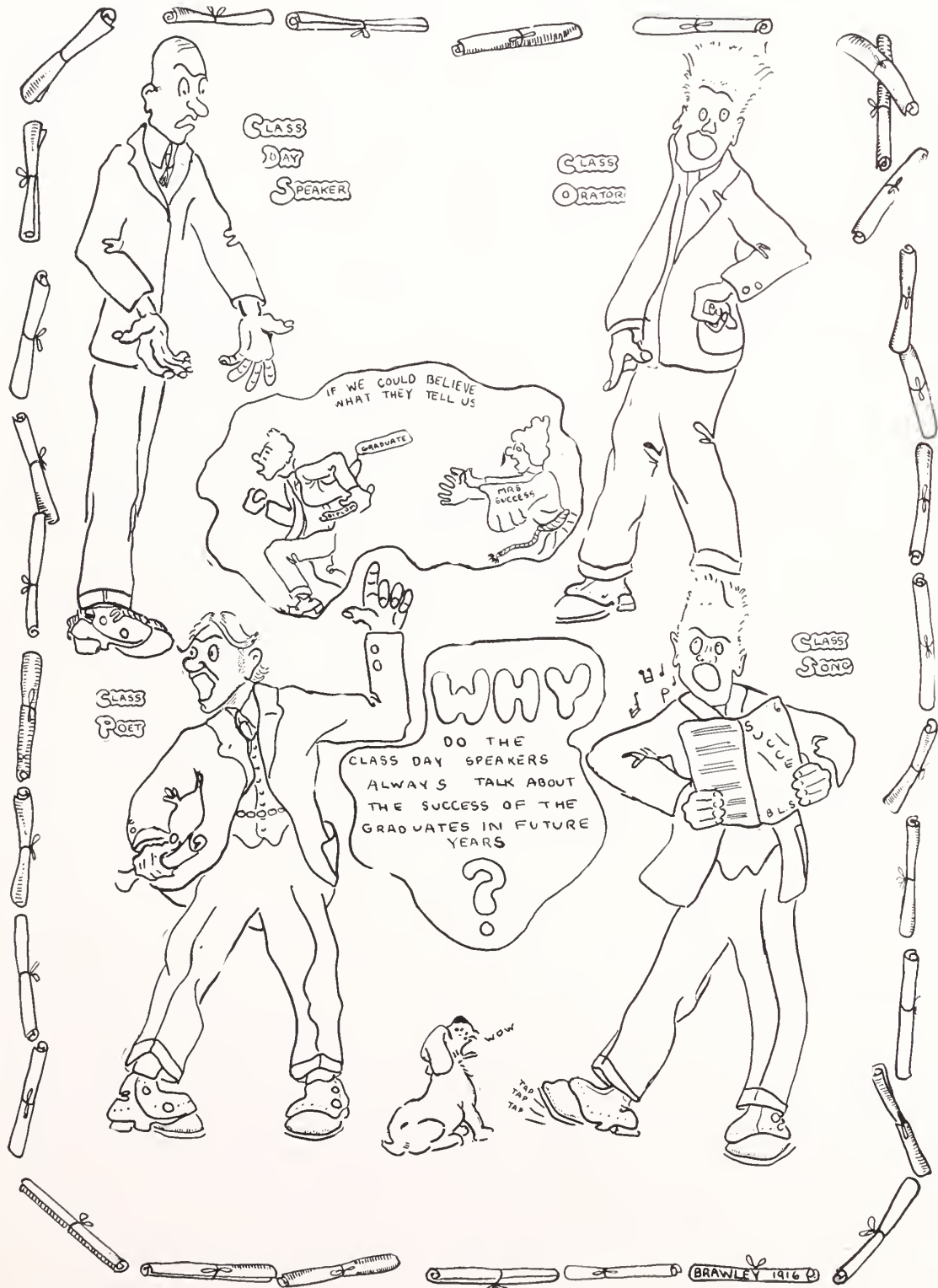
SECOND VERSE.

In years to come we'll turn our thoughts
Once more to dear old Latin School:
Fond memories we'll have of days
We spent in learning Virtue's rule.
These memories shall never fade,
Though dreary years roll slowly by:
For never will our grateful hearts
Allow these happy thoughts to die.

CHORUS.

The Class of Nineteen-Sixteen
Its Alma Mater leaves
With hearts o'erfilled with sorrow
And at the parting grieves.
But still the gladsome mem'ries
Of happy days spent here,
Will stay with us forever,
And light each future year.





THE CLASS ORATION.

BY
ARTHUR W. MARGET, 1916.MR. PENNYPACKER, TEACHERS, FRIENDS,
AND CLASSMATES:

Four hundred years ago a man stood upon the upper deck of a clumsy, hardly sea-worthy caravel, and gazed at the glowing horizon with tired eyes that were full of a consuming, heart-rending desperation. He drew his scarlet cloak more closely about him, and shivered in the wet cold of approaching nightfall. The fond hopes, the cherished ideals for which he had striven, were tumbling about his ears now in the first real shock of disillusionment. Thus he stood, until a fierce cry of savage joy burst from the throats of his erstwhile mutinous crew of ruffians. At the shout the man in the red cloak raised his head, a light of feverish hope shining in his eyes. He saw a dull gray height mount slowly against the gold of the sunset, and he rejoiced as he had never done before in all his days. He had come to the Land of the West,—his goal.

The man in the red cloak was Columbus, and the land that shone gray against the radiance of the setting sun was—America.

Two hundred years later another caravel, less antiquated, but hardly more luxuriously appointed, sped over the same seas toward the same stretch of Heaven-blessed land. This time, when at last the green of America's shore hove in sight, no raucous shout of ruffian sailors profaned the sacred silence. The group of sombre-clad, black-capped figures that stood huddled together on the upper deck dropped to

their knees, and prayed for the welfare of the glorious city they purposed founding in the new land.

These men of God were the Puritans, and the city they fondly dreamed of was—Boston.

But five years passed, before there was built in the new town, slowly and with infinitely painstaking labor, a small, barely furnished little building. Then, on one April day, the elders of the community solemnly addressed a slightly-built, mild-appearing man and informed him that he was earnestly urged to “become school-master for the teaching and nourtering” of their children. The little man bowed in token of his acceptance of their offer, and soon a school was in session.

This mild-appearing little man was Philemon Pormort, and the school whose destinies were placed in his hands was,—the Boston Latin School.

This, Classmates, is our heritage. Columbus brought to the land of his dreams a spirit of undaunted, unflinching devotion to an ideal that made part of his innermost soul. That spirit of perseverance has lived unweakened by the passage of years. It rode in the sails of the vessels of the Cabots, when they plowed on through the watery wastes towards the Land of the West. It was the spirit that was imbedded in the adventurous hearts of Frobisher, of Drake, and of all that glorious group of early pioneers of civilization on the new continent. The Puritans and the Pilgrims were imbued

with this ideal of perseverance when they saw their loved ones perish one by one at the hand of savage redskin or by the far more merciful hand of the Almighty, and, in spite of all this, remained steadfast in their convictions and their beliefs. Our foster brothers of by-gone days held this ideal before them as the one sustaining bond for the salvation of their country when they marched sturdily against their red-coated brothers from over the sea, and, a century later, against their gray-uniformed kinsmen of the Southland.

It is *our* heritage, Classmates. It is just as truly our legacy as it has been the legacy of all who have gone before us. Is it a trifle to be lightly regarded, to be thrown away as a mere nothing? Classmates, we must treasure Columbus' ideal of perseverance as our fore-runners have cherished it,---as the heroes of our country, our state, our city, and our school have done before us.

This is the legacy of Columbus to all Americans. Yet we of New England, and of Boston, in particular, are the richer because of another legacy that is peculiarly ours. The Puritans are the donors of this other legacy, and our inheritance has passed unimpaired through the trials of three hundreds of years. Whatever fortitude our forefathers have shown in the upbuilding of city, state, and country was the legacy of the Puritans. Whatever examples of heroic devotion to soul-felt principles shine like beacon-lights from the pages of our history, we owe to the memory of the Puritans. Whatever influences have been most potent in causing us to endeavor to lead virtuous, abstemious lives, we owe to our Puritan ancestors of days gone by.

Now we come to the greatest of the

legacies left us,---the divinely inspired legacy that Philemon Pormort, Ezekiel Cheever, all those sterling souls that have served here as headmasters since the inception of the school, and all the Latin School boys, from the time of the Puritans to the present time, have left us. We are the richer for all the noble traditions that cluster about the venerable head of our Alma Mater. We are the nobler for the divine inspiration that the spirit of the School has given us without asking aught in return. We are the more likely to be worthy of the trust that country and state have placed in us because of the arduous course of instruction by which we have been so thoroughly trained.

Classmates, are we to accept all these legacies as a matter of course, never pausing to give a thought as to what *return* we shall make? Are we to go forth into the greater world and turn our backs upon the old school, saying, with a shrug of the shoulders, "That is all past now, and we have nothing more to do with it?" A thousand times, no! Ours is a debt we can never hope to repay in full; we can but make our vow a negative one: that we will never do aught unworthy of the standards of honor and service for which the old school has stood unwaveringly throughout the long years.

We represent the upper stratum of the youth of the country. For, surely, if the youths who are about to enter the highest institutions of learning in the country,--entrance to which is denied so many others,--are not the leaders of their kind, what youths represent the upper level of young American manhood? Therefore is our responsibility an enormous one. If *we* show disrespect to the fundamental principles of law and

order, if we deem ourselves superior to the slightest consideration of life's most sacred truths, if we strive madly for the possession of unlimited worldly goods and neglect all that is noblest and finest in human existence, what will be the fate of this democracy of democracies? If we, who admittedly constitute the bulk of the material whence will be drawn the leaders of the next few decades, fail signally to perform our

slightest duties, how completely will the lower strata of American manhood fail?

Let us rise to our responsibilities, Class-mates. Let us vow now, once and for all, that never shall our school have reason to regret that we were once members of it, and that our first purpose in life hereafter shall be to serve our country, our city, and our school with unwavering devotion and loyalty.



The *Register* proposes this year to inaugurate a custom that, it is hoped, will be followed in future years by the members of coming staffs. Our plan is to publish in the *Graduation Number*,—which appears in June,—the prize-winning essays for the year. If space permits, the prize-winning translations also will be published.

It seems a pity that these original compositions, which are invariably of marked excellence, should not be offered for the consideration of the members of the school and such outsiders as might be interested in the affairs of the school.

It is true that, in years past, the *Register* has published certain of the prize-winning compositions, but it did so only after almost a year had passed since the time when the prize was awarded. Of course, such a procedure entirely eliminated the possibility that a member of the graduating class might see his prize-winning composition in print.

It is hoped that this step will find favor in the eyes of the members of the school and will act as a greater incentive to try for the prizes.

* * *

As a result of a competitive ex-

amination held recently, William F. Kirkwood and John R. Campbell, Jr., two former Latin School boys, were designated by Congressman James A. Gallivan as principal and alternate, respectively, for appointment to the naval academy at Annapolis.

* * *

C. P. Davis, B. L. S. '15, was recently awarded his "numerals" by the Technology Advisory Council for his work in wrestling this season.

* * *

In the April number of the *National Sportsman* appeared an article written by Sidney M. Bergman, of Class I. This same article, which is entitled "A Duck Hunt," was published in the 1915 *Alumni Number* of the *Register*.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that we welcome to our family of clubs the Glee Club, which seems well on the road to becoming one of the school's most successful organizations. In years past the school has boasted of remarkably fine glee clubs, and the walls of the middle corridor of the school are adorned by many photographs of the members of these organizations. It is to be hoped that this year will witness a revival of interest in this branch of school activities.

* * *

Owing to lack of space, we are unable to include in this issue an account of the Prize Drill, which took place on April 11. A complete account of that function will appear in the June number.

* * *

John H. Macleod, Jr., B. L. S. '10, has been elected treasurer of the Cleveland Harvard Club.

* * *

Since the Prize Drill, close order drill

has for the most part been discarded, and manœuvres of the battalion substituted for movements of the company. The reason for this change is obvious. The annual Field Day of the Boston School Cadets is fast approaching, and it is necessary that the cadets have some knowledge of manœuvres that will be employed on that day.

* * *

Much comment has been heard recently regarding the fact that at the Prize Drill all the winning companies were *senior* organizations. In recent years precisely the opposite has proved true; namely, that almost all of the prize-winning companies have been in the junior division. It has been suggested that the authorities revert to the old system of awarding prizes at the competition; that is, that they award two prizes to the best companies in the senior division, and two to the best companies in the junior division. In this way the companies which are candidates for the same prizes would be judged by the same judges, and there would be no chance of a complaint arising to the effect that one set of judges was more severe in its marking than the other set.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

Still we grow! It has been highly pleasing to the members of the club to note the continued growth of interest in the lectures offered by the committee. The attendance at the last two meetings totalled a trifle over one hundred. In view of the fact that this is a time of the year when one's attention is drawn by many things, this

number would seem to show that the club is here to stay and will be well supported by the school. We should remember that one who shows even a slight knowledge of the ways and happenings in Nature, is as valuable and interesting a person to converse with as is the student who quotes Homer and Shakespeare. Many do the latter, and the few who are able to do the former receive every bit as much respect and esteem from the world.

Mr. Norton's much-expected talk on California and the Expositions occurred on March 21, in Room 12. The subject matter, in itself highly interesting, was much enlivened with timely snapshots and views taken in California and the surrounding country by the speaker himself. The pictures of the Expositions that were thrown on the screen excited the admiration of all who saw them, and many favorable comments were heard after the meeting was dismissed.

After the vacation, on Thursday, April 13, another most interesting talk was given, this time by Mr. Stone, in Room 3. The story of how he tamed chipmunks, and retained their friendship for two or three years each, attracted a much larger audience than was expected. Those who availed themselves of the opportunity were indeed sorry that Mr. Stone had no time to tell of his other experiences with chickadees and squirrels. The speaker had such a stock of interesting anecdotes that the afternoon passed all too swiftly for his eager listeners.

The next lecture will be given, before this is published, by Perine, of Room 10, on "Warblers". This most interesting family of our birds excites high interest among bird-lovers, and has received special attention from the speaker. If

time warrants, one more meeting will be held after this, which will otherwise be the last this year.

The final date for handing in your name to the secretary as candidate for a position on the club's committee next year has been designated as May 5. On the afternoon of that day, the present committee will make its selections for next year. All who are at all interested,—interest is all that is required—should grasp the opportunity to join the ranks of a club with such prospects as ours. The ship has been successfully launched; it now remains for the undergraduates to steer it well to continued prosperity.

W. A. D. '16.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra has been making rapid improvement, and with the co-operation of the leader and all the members it has accomplished a great work. The attendance has been so regular and the attention so earnest at all the rehearsals, that we now feel confident that we are able to give an exhibition to our friends and to the school, and still uphold the dignity of the Latin School. The orchestra is getting a firm foundation; let no boy lose any interest in it, as it is a great addition to the school. If there are any younger members of the school who play any musical instruments, let them be thinking of joining the orchestra next year. Surely such a valuable organization should not be lost sight of, and when it is time for the present members to leave the school, let there be younger boys who are eager to fill their places and to sustain the Latin School Orchestra.

H. L. S. '17.

THE GLEE CLUB.

Nearly every boy can sing more or less, just as he can play ball. Of course we can not all be Carusos, but we can nearly all join in the chorus. There is no excuse in saying "Oh, I can't sing."

The Club is open to all classes.

All of you have heard the Harvard Quartet and enjoyed it. We can have one nearly as good if you will come out and help.

Nothing succeeds like success; so why not try?

C. N. M.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

The appearance of the Mandolin, or "Musical" club as the program designated us, on Class Day, concludes our rehearsals and subsequent appearances this year. Although the club has not been as large and successful as we

at first hoped it might be, yet we have done our best with the players available. The writer would like to see nothing better than the establishment of a mandolin club as a permanent thing in the school, but it does not seem an advisable undertaking unless there are at least ten or a dozen players with which to start.

The main trouble with the club this year was the lack of volume due to the small number of mandolins. Fortunately, however, just before our last few rehearsals we succeeded in obtaining three banjo-mandolins and a violin. These instruments, with three mandolins, comprised the club on Class Day, the players being as follows:—Mandolins; Miner '17, Otis '18, Sanders '19. Banjo-Mandolins: Gillis '16, Richter '16, Fitzgerald '17. Violin: Seeley '17. Piano: Doherty '17.

P. G. R. '16.

WOODLAND TRAILS AND TRAILERS.

(Continued from last month.)

STUDY.

Thus far only I have told what anyone may see under ordinary conditions on the ground. Even under favorable circumstances, a grassy stretch is useless, so far as tracks and an amateur are concerned. However, all this handicap is exchanged after a snowfall. Then is the real time to look for and to study tracks. Then every trail is clearly delineated and one can tell whether its owner stopped, ran, or flew, and often can guess the reasons

for such action. All the tracks seen on the bare earth, with many more, provided the animals are abroad, are marked so clearly on the snow, that anyone can recognize them. Even if one goes out over familiar ground when the snowfall is near its end, he will see tracks enough to make him feel as if he had been completely blind to all the wild life about him.

One of the most plentiful trails one sees on the snow is the rabbits'. The jack-rabbit, or varying hare, is not common around here, and it is the little

16 *Latin School Register*

"coonie," or cottontail that we see. The first is commonly sold in markets and comes chiefly from Maine.

What is apt to puzzle a novice about a rabbit track, is that the trail seems to be going in the opposite direction to what it really is. In striking the ground the rabbit's long hind legs stretch forward and strike the ground in front of the smaller, weaker forepaws. Thus there are, so to speak, two long dashes, and behind them two round dots, usually not side by side.

Rabbits travel over so much ground that their tracks are very noticeable, but the fact that one bunny crosses and recrosses his own track so often, makes trailing his course an arduous task. However, when business is to be done at a distance, bunny always follows his first tracks, and soon has a regular beaten path about six inches wide that furnishes easy going. One main road may have two or three branches that lead to some regular feeding-ground. An interesting fact about these paths is that they usually lead straight away in some direction, scarcely varying from side to side, until the destination is reached. Then one may see where the makers of the trail scratched around among the moss and ckeckerberry under the snow to nibble on roots and leaves.

Bunny shows his good sense or instinct in another way besides beating a path through the troublesome snow. His color, though it becomes mixed with gray in winter, is by no means inconspicuous against a dark background; so, whenever he comes to a clump of junipers, instead of springing over it, as he might easily do, and thereby rendering himself liable to be seen, he wriggles his way through the brush.

Sometimes he digs his dwelling underneath such a clump, and then he need have less fear for his safety in his own home, for no hawk or owl can reach him, no fox would care to take the trouble if he could, and even the farmer's boy would lose all interest, when confronted with the problem of digging through a heavy bunch of juniper.

Usually a rabbit has his burrow on a sandy hillside that is open to the sun. Not much attempt at concealment is made, for a pile of sand generally marks the entrance.

Once I had just crossed a ridge quite thickly clothed with hemlock, and was descending the other side when, on another ridge about fifty feet away, I saw a "coonie" quite plainly outlined against the snow. The next moment he whisked from sight. I walked over, and found the entrance to his burrow, into which he had disappeared.

On the sand pile in front all the snow was firmly packed, forming a sort of platform upon which bunny took sunbaths. Indeed, when I saw him he was rubbing a paw about his ears, no doubt washing himself; but I had no time to see. The platform was covered with grains of a reddish sand. No sand was elsewhere to be seen; so I judged that bunny, after taking a nap in his burrow, came out and washed himself on his front doorstep. I scratched fresh snow all about the entrance, but, though I went back the next day, I found no fresh tracks. Probably the man scent was too heavy for bunny there; so he availed himself of another entrance, or resigned himself to being interned for a spell.

Recently, after a fresh snow-fall, I came upon a fresh rabbit track that was alone, and fairly easy to follow. After

tracing it for a few minutes, I saw that I was discovered, for the distance between the footprints lengthened from hops of three or four feet to jumps of eight or nine. Did I give up because I knew I was hopelessly outdistanced? Not at all; for in such cases, when the rabbit is not otherwise hindered, he speeds straight for home. I knew the trail would be easier than ever to follow, and in a minute or so I had found the burrow, which was not a hundred feet from where I had first taken up the trail.

Once more bunny showed his learning in a way that might lead one to think he knew that, with a man so close to his home, there might be danger lurking in the home, for he circled about the opening three times, each time nearer, before he ventured to enter it. Whatever his reasons, that rabbit was not panic-stricken; else he would have shot into his tunnel without once faltering.

I covered the entrance with snow, and went away. The next morning I returned. The entrance was partly free of snow, but there were no fresh tracks leading in or out. However, there was a new track about the entrance approaching in the same cautious circling; whether by the same rabbit or not, I cannot say.

From the way I have spoken, one might think that rabbit tracks are single, and quite easy to follow. That is a wrong impression, for usually there are so many rabbits in any one locality and they roam about so much, that it is quite difficult to keep to the original trail when once one gets into a family stamping ground.

Squirrels are other little animals whose tracks one may observe. These one is very apt to confuse with a rabbit's, but a difference is noticeable. The

squirrel's tracks are somewhat smaller; the front paws, as a rule, are not one behind the other, while they make a stronger comparative imprint than the rabbit's; for the squirrel uses his forearms more than the rabbit does his.

One might not expect to see a squirrel on the ground much in winter, but on a warm day he does come out of his snug nest, high up in an oak tree perhaps, and poke around in the leaves for forgotten nuts or for the mere fun of it. This is a help in distinguishing the tracks, for when the rabbit-trail you are following suddenly disappears at the foot of a tree, you may know that what you thought was a rabbit was really a squirrel.

Not much chance is given in winter for observing the habits of the squirrel, either red or gray, for both usually keep warm at home in a comfortable nest. The red squirrel prefers a hollow tree or stone wall, but his big brother gathers an unsightly mass of sticks on a spreading limb, though sometimes in a hollow tree, and lines it with leaves, bits of paper, and uneatable trophies.

Sometimes in the woods one hears a crackling in the trees above, especially if they are pine trees. Perchance, on looking up, he may see the squirrel, or, what is more likely, the crackling will stop. After infinite careful watching and patient waiting, it may be the observer's good luck to see a tiny ball, surmounted by a bushy plume, snuggled into the crotch of a tree. It is no disgrace to fail to discover it, for the task is decidedly difficult. In the woods squirrels do not run up and down trees for the entertainment of an audience, and then freely approach for a rewarding nut or other tidbit.

Reddy fox is another who likes to

spend the cold winter days in the snug seclusion of his warm, dry den, but he does not hibernate as does the woodchuck. While wandering through the woods, one may see where Sir Reynard has stalked a partridge, may see the startled wing prints in the snow, and just beyond, the spot where the fox landed after his vain leap; or, perhaps, a few feathers and crimson drops upon the snow may tell a different story.

Last Christmas I came upon a grouse track, followed it from curiosity, and soon came to where a fox had crossed the trail. He had immediately turned and followed it. I had first found the tracks in open, brushy land, but when I reached their end, I had passed to a thick grove of pines. There the grouse had taken wing, but had gone no farther than into a tree, for as soon as I approached, away she went. I saw that the fox had given up the chase with great reluctance, for he had walked about the tree, stopped for a moment to scan the dark branches, and then trotted off.

The bird that holds my interest most in other directions is the one, that, to me, is the most interesting of all wild kindred to study. When I come across a ruffed grouse's track, my blood tingles with the expectation of a thunderous roar of wings, and my senses throb with a surety of learning some new proof of the wisdom of this, our best game-bird.

At Thanksgiving time, the birds have bunched together, and the early morning observer may repair to some sheltered glen or patch of pines which he has discovered is their usual roost for the night. On cold, frosty mornings the grouse lie in bed, and do not feed until the rays of the forenoon have warmed the bushes up a bit, and made things more com-

fortable; so that with due caution, one may approach them quite closely. It is interesting to find two or three frozen cup-shaped hollows in the snow, under the lee of some protecting log or pile of wood, where birds have spent the night; and then to trace their varied wanderings through the snow to the feeding grounds, or to some place where a sun bath may be taken. An attitude of carefree confidence is read from the twisting tracks and scratchings under the snow into the leaves.

As a rule one sees and thinks of the partridge as a bird that flies when he wishes to move from place to place, but in winter we read a different tale. I have followed a single track for a quarter of a mile; but generally they zigzag about in one spot. Then the trailer often notes with interest that suddenly the bird has started to run, and a moment later the expected whirr of wings booms upon his ears.

One morning I followed a partridge track from its start, where the bird had previously slept, to a brook, which the grouse crossed by a fallen log, and from which it had sipped its morning's drink. After lingering about the brook, as if loath to leave it, the tracks turned off to a sunny hillside which I had visited the afternoon before. When the bird had reached one of my tracks, it had suddenly taken flight. I do not know whether to attribute this to his sense of smell or to his perception, but evidently my tracks had frightened him.

All I might say could not do full justice to the traits and tricks of this bird; so I shall leave the rest for the reader to find out.

Other interesting and numerous tracks in the snow are those of wood-mice and small birds. While interesting, these

are a sort of relish to the meat of the larger, more important trails. One observation I made is, perhaps, worth recording. Like the rabbits, the mice often make use of regular runways, and once I found one, near a cornfield, that ran from an overturned stump, with a hollow under-ground to a cornstalk about two hundred feet away, on which were two or three ears of dried corn. Evidently the mice ran up the stalk to get their food, for in no other way could they reach the ears, from which they plainly had carried away many kernels.

* * *

In this article, which may seem long and rambling, like one's walks in the woods, but really is too short for the subject, I have tried to tell a few facts that might urge some readers to find

other facts for themselves. Nature, in her wild life, is ignored by many; but to those who study her in her true, simple form,—she deserves to be told of as simply and as truly.

One word of advice: If you wish to get all the pleasure possible from Nature, study her alone. For personal meetings with wild things, absolute silence is necessary. Remember your senses are not so keen as those of what you are following, and that ninety-nine times out of a hundred you are seen and watched, and even left behind long before you *know* that anything is within a mile of you. Bear this in mind, be always alert, but quiet, and your pleasure will be doubled.

W. A. D. '16.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

Outside a small coffee house in Salonica, one afternoon of last May, three soldiers of the Grecian army were talking as they sat around a small table and looked towards the sea. One of them was telling something to the others, who, with their mouths wide open, were listening to his conversation. He was a tall and strong fellow, with black hair and brown eyes, which made his face sympathetic and beautiful. His voice had a grave accent and was attractive, for sometimes men from the nearby tables turned their heads and looked at him. His fine soldierly bearing made an impression on them and they admired his manliness. Without paying any attention he continued:

.... "Oh! How I remember those days! Regardless of the age I was then,

I shall never forget that woeful history. It was January of the year 1896. The sky was covered with black clouds and it was raining hard with thunder and lightning. Our house was located in a very lonesome place, in a thick forest, far away from the town of Tricala. We were not able to learn any news concerning the war. The day when news of the retreat came, my mother prayed for many hours before the icon of our Salvador, and I, with my sister who was frightened and held my mother by the skirt, was supplicating God to protect our father, who was fighting. All these things were done in vain, for, two days after, news was spread in the neighboring village, brought by a wounded soldier, that my father had been killed at the battle of Tyrnabos, with many other

compatriots!

"No doubt every one of you knows what grief and sorrow a family feels that has lost its only support. For many days we stayed locked in the house and wept constantly. Finally a day came and found our eyes dry. We stopped crying in order to save tears which were to be shed even more profusely.

"One morning we awoke, frightened by the frequent volleys which were heard in the faraway valley. My mother soon understood what the noise was, and I saw her running to hide her valuables. After a little while, she took us with her, and I remember what she said with trembling voice.

—"My George, my Helen. My sons, the Turks are very near, and before noon they will be here. Do not be afraid; we will go, and when they are come, we shall be far away."

"I have said already that I was young then, for, I was just at my tenth birthday. I did not know the Turks well; all that I knew about them was told me by my mother. When that I heard that the Turks were coming, I was greatly alarmed, and feared so much that I felt my feet paralyzed for the flight.

"The shots were more frequent and our house was shaking from the noise. After taking as many things as she could carry, my mother took us by the hand and was ready to open the door. She did not reach it, for the door was opened, and a company of dark and dusty soldiers rushed in! Excited from fear, I tried to hide myself, but I was prevented by the sweet voice of my mother:

"Don't be afraid, George! They are our soldiers!" Before my fear had entirely vanished, the officer with a

bandaged head told my mother something, and the soldiers made holes on the walls. Our house had to be used as a fortification, and we were compelled to go in order to save our lives.

"After a few moments we left our house and took the road which led to Tricala. We ran with all our might. I turned my head to see what was going on in the forest, only to see our house ablaze, with smoke reaching the sky! That was not all. I tried to see if our men were there, but instead I saw a crowd of big men with tall red hats! They were the Turks, who filled the air with wild and strange voices!

"My mother, weary and miserable, took Helen, though her strength was failing, and continued her way. It was too late! It seems that the soldiers had noticed us, because I saw a horseman approaching us, with great rapidity. Everything seemed vain. No matter how fast a person can run, he cannot go faster than a horse. We stopped with the color of death on our faces.

"The horseman came before us and jumped down. My feet were trembling and I thought my head would break. My mother crossed her arms and begged mercy from the Mussulman, as she said with a fainting voice: 'Mercy! Mercy on us! You believe in God also!'

"The Turk did not answer. The small, black eyes, which were hidden under his thick, black eyebrows, indicated that he was a deceitful and treacherous man. Being assured that we did not have any weapons with us, he approached Helen with a vile sneer.

"'Mercy!' cried my mother again with anguish, while I, frightened and standing close to my mother's side, held my sister by her hand without having the power to speak.

"He said something to himself, came near me and struck a heavy blow on my arm, where I held my sister. Still I remember the pain of that blow, although I did not cry at all! I looked carefully at his dark face as though I wanted to print on my soul his features.

"Mother!" cried my sister with tears. The Turk had seized her, and was pushing her toward the horse. They cast a glance at us, put her on the saddle, then galloped away and vanished.

"My mother remained like a statue who sues for mercy. I ran to the turning of the road and saw the horseman going far towards the forest.... It was a long distance, but I was able to hear the weeping of Helen and to see her little hand moving toward me. Without any intention my little fist was raised threateningly! But I was so small.

"It took a long time for my mother to get up from bed. She was seriously ill for the whole succeeding year and when she had entirely recovered, the war had come to an end. One morning in the spring, we took the road which led to my birthplace. Nothing reminded one of those terrible days. The trees had blossomed, the bushes were loaded with pretty flowers and bent to the ground. A pleasant perfume was shed everywhere, while the birds were singing their eternal song to God. We were going along merrily, and I was so happy to see my mother alive after so many terrible events. When we approached our ruined house, everything that was around us became dark. The blossomed trees did not give their pleasant odor; neither could we hear the sweet singing of the birds. With tears in our eyes we sat on a stone,

and everything that had occurred during the past year, returned to our minds. We sat on the very spot where that unspeakable Turk had seized my sister! I cried for a long time there, amid the ruins of our house.

"Fifteen whole years had passed and gone; then came October, 1912. Every one of you knows that month of agony amid preparations for the war. All the houses that had men able to fight, were bidding them farewell with tears and good wishes. Among those houses was ours. My mother did not cry at my departure, a thing which seemed strange to me. I wonder how many thoughts that war brought to her mind! The train was ready to leave, and all the women kissed their husbands, sons, and other relatives with grief. That time I saw my mother greatly distressed. She came near me and after she had given me all the advice that only the mothers know how to give, she kissed me warmly and strangely she spoke in my ear these words: "Take good care of yourself. God is great!"

"War had begun. Letters were continually coming from my mother. I kept them in the inside pocket of my vest. I felt in my heart all the warmth of motherly love, and the idea that I had on me something from my mother gave me great courage. Those letters! and what kind of letters! I read them but I could never believe that my mother could write so well. She had written me not to be afraid, but especially now, when God gave me the opportunity for vengeance, to avenge so many things that had happened to our family. She had written me that she prayed God to give me courage and power to kill. She was not like some other women who were already weeping for their sons al-

though they were not yet killed.

"Our regiment had crossed the frontier, and we were nearing Grebena. Suddenly we stopped because our officers had heard that there were many Turks, who were preparing for defence. We encamped near a ravine, and after a few moments we were all asleep.

"Many hours passed, and at midnight, we all awoke at the shouts of the guards. 'To arms!' the trumpets gave the signal. Frequent shots filled the air, though we could not notice any flashes from the guns which would betray the enemy's position. Many were falling wounded or killed.

"We all were alarmed and ran across the ravine. 'Halt!' said the officer, who, on seeing us scattered here and there, said, 'From this side everybody!'

"We turned to the place which was pointed to by the flashing sword of the officer, and noticed small flashes of guns. Not waiting for orders, we rushed to the place where death was awaiting us.

"The distance was short and we came quickly. Half of the regiment fell on the way, but the fewer we were, the more vigor and dash we showed. Then we noticed clearly the faces of the Turks by the flashing of the shots. All of them were terrified by our onslaught and courage.

"We placed the bayonets on our guns and with a few bounds we found ourselves at a pile of stones, which they had for a trench. Wild calls filled the air and the ground was filled with dead and drenched with blood.

"In the first line of the Turks, a tall major was giving them courage. Blood was running from his cheek, but he stood in his place like a rock. 'Yield!' cried one of our officers to him. An oath

was his only answer.

"I turned my head to the place where the Turk stood. I was astonished and you can guess why. His little eyes flashed as they had when he looked at my mother, for he had the same sneer that he had given to my sister.

"I thanked God that time, and I rushed upon him with fury. We fought hand to hand. He was very powerful, and I, without wishing to flatter myself, was no less strong. In a moment I felt the blood running from my right side, but I still had strength left. We fought for one hour. I remembered the past years, the terrible pain of my arm, the weeping of Helen. . . . I remembered the words of my mother, 'God is great!'

"I felt my hands powerful as those of a giant. I used all my strength, and after a little while the foe was expiring at my feet. I was the victor! I did not think to ask him if my sister was alive or dead. I was content to see his hateful eyes shut, and his vile sneer extinguished forever.

"Although I had won, I was severely wounded. Terrible pains shot through my body, and my lips were dried from fever. I felt my self moved from my place and brought to a house.

"When I awoke, I found myself lying on a soft bed in a rich house. There was nobody in the room. I raised my head slowly from the pillow and shouted with a voice of fear. Across the bed in a golden frame hung a picture of my foe!

"I thought I was dreaming. I cried aloud, and at the sound of my voice came a soldier with a red cross on his sleeve, followed by a lady, who unknown to me, was looking at me with curiosity.

"In spite of all my fever, I soon understood that I was in the house of the

Turk. The unknown woman was nobody else but my sister.

"I tried to get up, to embrace her, to kiss her, to say to her that I was her brother, but I was not able. . . . The blood had been dried in my veins, my tongue was paralyzed, the fever was torturing me. I fainted.

"When the nurse brought me back to my senses, I could not restrain myself. Helen was standing near my head and was changing the bandages on my wounds.

"With trembling hands, I took from my pocket all the letters that I had received from my mother. I gave them to her and succeeded in saying — 'Read!'

"She had not yet recognized me! She took the letters with curiosity and

commenced to read the first one. The first lines were sufficient. They ran as follows:

"Tricala"

My Dear Son George:

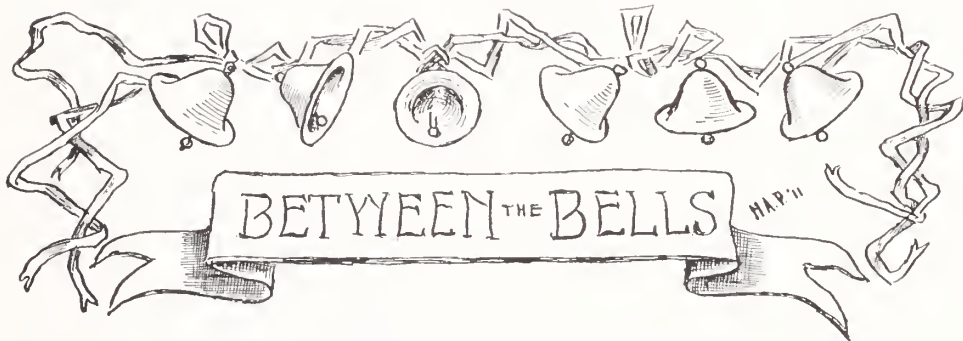
"I saw her shivering . . . She seized my hands, looked long into my eyes and then threw herself into my arms, dizzy, for she could not speak from joy.

"The next day I was called to headquarters and was given a medal for bravery.

"In two weeks when I had entirely recovered and the armies having been demobilized, we returned home, and, flushed with victory and joy, celebrated the returning of Helen.

"How great God is!"

P. P. C. '18.



Apropos of the queer interpretation frequently placed by children upon remarks made to them, a Western professor related at a recent dinner some examination stories.

"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt.' Then I showed the children a large picture in bright colors that illustrated the text. The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said, 'Teacher, where is the flea?'"

TRULY NOBLE.

FAIR MILLIONAIRESS — Oh, Vladimir, they say you are a fortune-hunter, and are only marrying me for my wealth. Tell me that this is not true.

LORD DEDBROKE — Why, my dearest, I would marry you if you were penniless.

FAIR MILLIONAIRESS — Prove this, my own Vladimir, and I shall be absolutely happy.

LORD DEDBROKE — Well then, settle the whole of your vast fortune upon me, leaving yourself destitute, and I will wed you in face of the whole world.

24 *Latin School Register*

A knife-thrower who was performing in an English music-hall had a particularly attractive assistant, whose duty was to lean, with outstretched arms, against a soft pine board. This board was surrounded with electric lights which accentuated her beauty. The knife-thrower would then station himself a few feet distant and hurl knife after knife at the board. These knives would just graze the skin and plunge with a thud in the board and remain quivering. It was a thrilling act, and when the last knife was thrown the young woman would be so closely hemmed in by knives that they had to be drawn out before she could free herself.

One night the pretty assistant was taken ill, and the performer's wife was drafted for the work. She was far from pretty; in fact she was distinctly homely. She walked out onto the stage and when she reclined against the board the pitiless lights threw into relief her crooked features, and general unattractiveness. The knife-thrower took deliberate aim, and a knife flashed across the room and sank into the board by her head. Just as the knife struck, a small boy up in the gallery, shouted with a wail, "Oh, My! 'e missed 'er!"

* * *

MERELY AN OVER-SIGHT.

SERGEANT—There you go again, shooting too high! What's the matter with you?

RAW MARKSMAN—Merely an oversight on my part, sergeant.

* * *

"William," said the teacher, "You may explain the difference between 'caution', and cowardice."

After some perplexed thinking, Billy delivered himself of this explanation.

"Caution," he said, "is when I'm a-

fraid. Cowardice is when the other fellow is afraid."

* * *

NOT FLATTERING TO FATHER.

"Father, what are ancestors?"

"Well, I'm one of yours; your grandfather is another."

"Oh! But why should people brag about them?"

* * *

"Oi see 'twas a spade I dealt you last."

"How did yiz know?"

"Sure I saw yiz spit on your hands before pickin' it up."

* * *

SARCASTIC.

AVOIRDUPOIS—I'll bet you five plunks that I can run around that track in less than a minute. Has anyone got a stopwatch?

WIT—You don't want a stopwatch. Hi! Who's got a calendar?

* * *

WHAT A QUESTION!

Marion came to the breakfast table late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?" asked Madam.

"Now, mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Orchard Park to hear me sing?"

* * *

FLUBDUB—I saw the doctor stop at your house yesterday. Anything serious?

HARDUPPE—You bet. He came to collect his bill.

* * *

Nothing slow about the Japanese. A Tokio merchant advertises: "Goods are dispatched to customers' houses with the rapidity of a shot from a cannon's mouth."

SPORTS.

CREW.

On account of the lateness of the warm weather, Crew practice did not start until after the Spring Vacation. The prospects for a winning Crew are very fine this year, and the fellows are taking much interest in the sport. About eighteen men have come out, and among them are some very likely looking oarsmen. We have a new shell this year, which adds still more to the zest because more candidates can be taken care of than before.

The veterans who are out trying for their old places are Captain Nathan, O'Connor, Pond, and Hamlin. These men have a very hard task before them because of the excellent material which, although new, is showing wonderful form.

A boy who has an excellent chance to make the first boat this year is Dudley, known to all followers of football and track. Ryan and Richter, also foot-ball men, are going to make the competition strong. For a new man at the game, Atwood is surprising everyone by his fine work. Two other boys who have made an impression on Coach Manning, are Brady and E. G. Nathan.

Until the Schoolboy Regatta we are to row in four-oar shells, and after that an eight will be formed to row in the Harvard Regatta. A trip or two is confidently expected, and rumor has it that one trip is to be to Exeter, when we shall have a chance to match our strength with that famous Preparatory School.

With every boy showing the proper spirit and observing all the requisitions of crew training, we fully expect to win in the Schoolboy Regatta this year.

C. J. H. '16.

BASEBALL.

LATIN SCHOOL 5 MILTON ACADEMY 6

On Wednesday, April 12, the Latin School baseball team was beaten in the ninth inning by Milton Academy. Shea pitched well, holding Milton to four hits, all of which were scored in the eighth and ninth innings. Nearly all of their runs were scored on errors.

LATIN SCHOOL 2 THAYER ACADEMY 7

Saturday, April 15, Thayer Academy defeated Latin School seven to two. Latin School rallied and made one run in the ninth, after two were out, against their star pitcher Hanson. When called on in a "pinch" Cousens responded, and pitched well.

THAYER ACADEMY.

| | ab. | bh. | po. | a. | e. |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| Bates, 2..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Blackmur, 3..... | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Gallivan, ss..... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Cole, r f..... | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Cate, c..... | 2 | 1 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| Hanson, c f. & p..... | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Donnell, 1..... | 5 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomp's'n, 1 f..... | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Reed, p..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Bouve, c f..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 32 | 5 | 27 | 8 | 0 |

LATIN SCHOOL.

| | ab. | bh. | po. | a. | e. |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| Goodwin, c..... | 4 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| (Capt.) Murphy, 1 & 3..... | 4 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 1 |
| Maguire, 2..... | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Cousens, ss. & p..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| McCarthy, 3..... | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Cronin, 1 f..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Devine, r f..... | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| D'Amelio, c f..... | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Larsen, p..... | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mills, 3..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Finnegan, 1 f..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Goodrich, 1..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 33 | 6 | 24 | 6 | 4 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Innings..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| Thayer Academy..... | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | —7 |
| Boston Latin..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1—2 |

Runs—Bates 3, Blackmur, Thompson, Bouve, Reed, Murphy, Maguire. Two-base hits—Cate, Mills. Sacrifice hits—Reed, Gallivan 2. Stolen bases—O'Donnell, Bouve, Cousens. First base on balls—Off Reed 1, off Hanson 1, off Larson 5. Struck out—By Reed 5, by Hanson 6, by Cousens 2. Double play—Cousens to McCarthy. Passed ball—Goodwin. Wild pitch—Larsen. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—Hyslop.

R. M. D. '16.

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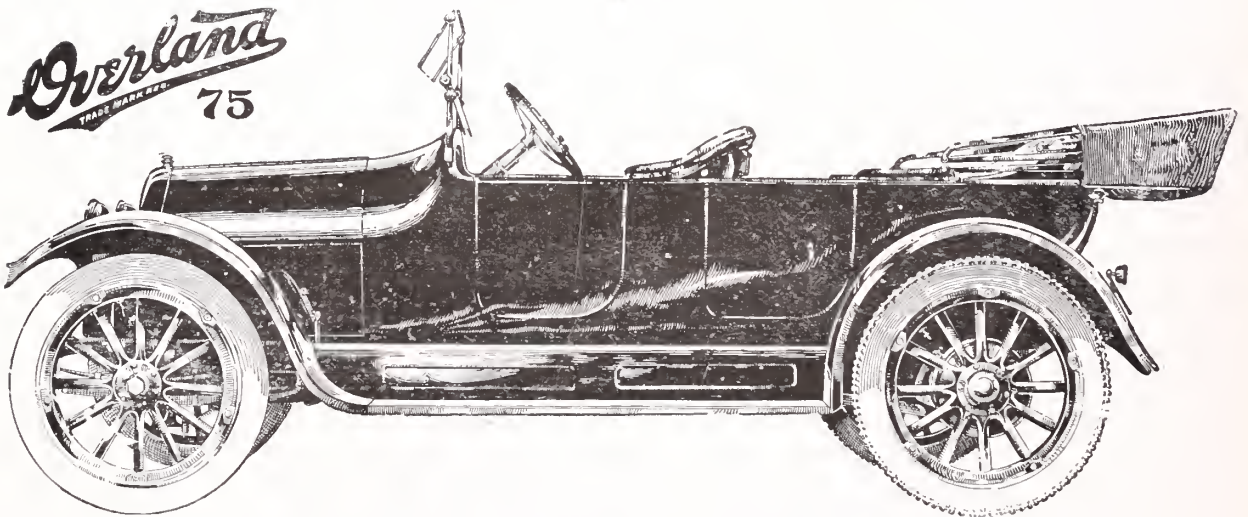
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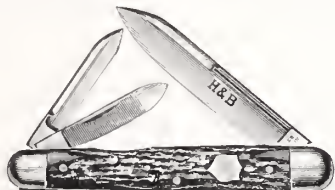
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